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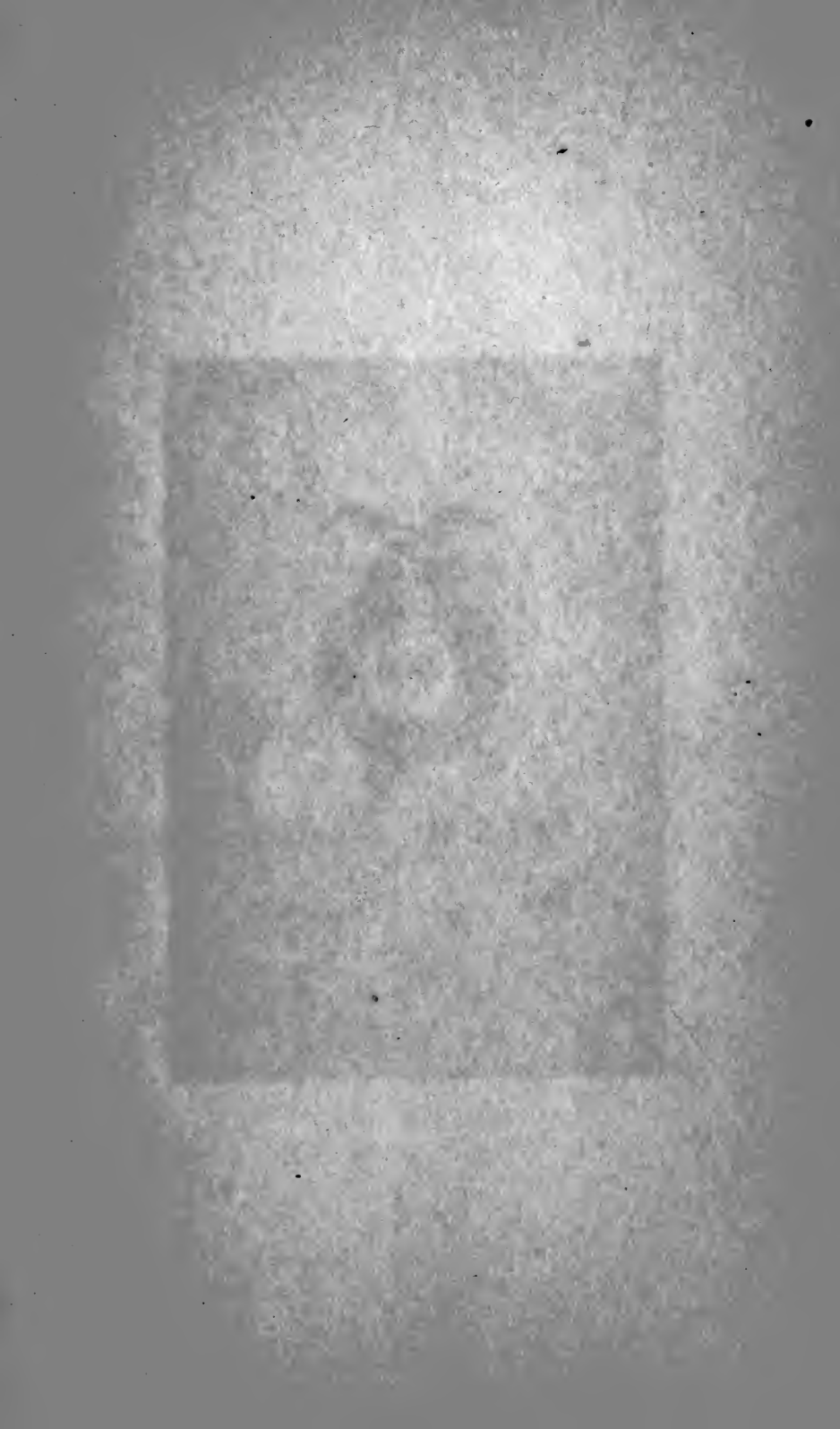
Grandfather Whitehead, an
Original drama, in two acts.





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No. X.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD.

An Original Drama.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY MARK LEMON, ESQ.

AS PLAYED AT THE PARK THEATRE.

WITH STAGE DIRECTIONS, AND COSTUMES, MARKED AND CORRECTED
BY J. B. ADDIS, PROMPTER.

NEW-YORK:
WILLIAM TAYLOR & CO.,
No. 18 ANN-STREET.

1854.7

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE favorite little two-act piece is an adaptation from the French. It was originally produced in its present Anglicised form at the Haymarket Theatre, 27th September, 1842. Of Farren's performance of the old man on this occasion, one of the critics of the day remarks: "Frequently and oft have we witnessed and admired his performances of the old man, and especially of *Uncle Fozzle*; but, however praiseworthy we deemed these several representations, they are as nothing in comparison with his *Grandfather Whitehead*. The doting fondness for his little grandson—the childlike participation and joy in his amusements—the delight at his boyish interruptions to grandad's writing-lesson—the screening him from correction, and taking the *rod* into his own hands—are exceedingly natural; and then, again, the fine universal benevolence of the old man—his wish, and almost irritability at not being able to make every one happy—his contentment, interrupted only by the thought now and then breaking in upon the weakened intellect of eighty-three, of his being a burden to others,—are most life-like; and farther, his tottering walk—his chuckling laugh—his short breathing and hesitating sentences—and, under great grief, his stricken body and mind,—are all most admirably, but painfully true; in short, the portrait is perfect."

This commendation may be applied without qualification to Mr. H. Placide's excellent acting in the same part. It is one of those artist-like pictures, which once seen live in the memory as distinctly as our recollections of real personages, with whom we may have been familiar, and who may have impressed us by their saliency of character or by their being mingled up with circumstances, that have left their ineffaceable print upon our minds.

COSTUMES.

DRAYTON.—Light mixed body coat, white basket buttons, drab breeches and gaiters, flowered waistcoat.

GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD.—Dark brown long-lapelled body coat, black breeches.

LANGLEY.—Brown frock coat, black trousers, grey morning gown black velvet collar and cuffs.

DRIVER.—Black body coat, brown satin waistcoat, light grey trousers, black stocking gaiters, white hat.

BOB LINCOLN.—Black jacket, black glazed buttons, black trousers, low crowned white hat.

SNAP.—Black coat buttoned up to the neck, black trousers.

EDWARD DRAYTON.—Brown holland blouse, light coloured trousers, black waistcoat.

LOUISA DRAYTON.—Blue merino dress, and black silk apron.

SUSAN.—Brown silk dress, and white apron.



EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

* * * The reader is supposed to be on the stage, facing the Audience.

GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Driver's Office—easy chair, c. stool and desk, &c.*

SNAP *discovered* arranging books, papers, &c. &c.

Snap. There, every thing's ready for business. [*Bell rings.*] That's Master Bobby Lincoln, I suppose; his uncle, Mr. Langley, keeps him pretty close to his work.

Enter BOB LINCOLN, L.

Bob. Well, Snap, has Mr. Driver, the governor, done breakfast?

Snap. Yes, sir, it only wants a minute to nine, and he'll be here directly. [*Exit, L.*]

Bob. [*Takes up books, &c.*] Ah, the trap's baited, I see, and there are certain to be plenty of flats before the day's out. Why did they make me a lawyer? I've too much humanity for the profession, for I'd rather go to Greenwich any day, than serve a writ or a declaration. [*Taking up a parchment.*] I never see a sheep but it puts me in mind of a lawyer, parchment and fleece—oh! very well sir! Oh, here's Mr. Driver.

Enter MR. DRIVER, R.

Mr. D. Mr. Lincoln, good morning. [*Crosses to c.*]

Bob. Good morning, sir.

Mr. D. This punctuality promises well, Mr. Lincoln, too many look upon law as a luxury.

Bob. Do you mean clients, sir?

Mr. D. No, sir, I allude to clerks, they see a to consider that the great end and aim of law is a guinea a week, whereas, their ambition should be to exhibit the beauty of justice, by working as hard as they can for their employers. Have the other clerks arrived?

Bob. [*Looking off.*] Yes, sir, there's Nix in the loan office, and Tap in the common law. [*Sits at desk, P*

Mr. D. Oh, that loan office was a splendid thought of mine, there's philanthropy and forty per cent. in the very sound. [*Bell rings, Bob pulls the string and looks off.*

Bob. [*Aside.*] Why it's my Louisa's father. [*Aloud.*]—It's Mr. Drayton, sir.

Mr. D. Drayton! what the deuce can he want!

Bob. [*Aside.*] That's just the question I was about to ask myself.

Mr. D. Perhaps he has called for his father-in-law, Whitehead's allowance. Hem! money makes money, and I shan't part with that till I am obliged.

Enter SNAP, L.

Snap. A letter, sir, from Mr. Drayton. [*Crosses to c.*

Mr. D. [*Reads.*] "Dear sir, I am greatly in want of thirty pounds, in fact, my credit depends upon payment of that sum to-day—will you assist me? I offer you as security, the allowance which some unknown friend has hitherto commanded you to pay to my father-in-law, Whitehead"—hum—"the interest I leave to you"—hum—"but remember, I must have the money to-day."

"Your's obediently, JOHN DRAYTON."

[*Aside.*] And so you shall, if Langley orders the allowance to be continued. Tell Mr. Drayton, I will send him an answer. [*Exit Snap, L.*] Mr. Lincoln, did your uncle Langley send any message to me?

Bob. Oh dear, I had quite forgotten—yes, sir, he wishes to see you before you go out, about something concerning somebody that he could'n't mention to any body but you.

Mr. D. Oh, very well. [*Bob resumes his place at the desk.*] I understand what he requires,—his will; I hope he will remember my past services, the clever way in which I saved him from the consequences of that pretty little piece of roguery, by which he made his own fortune and ruined old Whitehead.

Enter SNAP, L.

Snap. Mr. Langley, sir.

Mr. D. [To Bob.] Oh, Mr. Lincoln, shew him in—stay, I'll wait upon him myself. [*Exeunt Snap and Driver, L.*]

Bob. What an old spider the governor is, if ever a very fat fly gets into his web, he always attends upon his execution himself, and uncle Langley is, figuratively speaking, a blue bottle of a client.

Mr. D. [Within.] There, my dear sir, lean upon me.

Sus. [Within.] Mind the step, sir.

Enter DRIVER and SUSAN, L. supporting LANGLEY, who appears suffering from weakness.

Lan. [Impatiently.] Don't hurry so, Driver, you grasp my arm as though I were iron.

Mr. D. My dear sir, I thought I was handling you as tenderly as a ward in chancery.

Sus. [Placing a chair.] A chair—Mr. Lincoln, have you a pillow?

Bob. No, we have not, but here's Coke and Littleton, [*hands her a large book,*] and I've slept over that many a time.

Lan. No jesting, sir, my sufferings ought to excite your sympathy and not your merriment.

Bob. I beg pardon, sir, if I've made a joke it was without malice prepense.

Lan. But I have deserved it, for have I not matured, clothed and cherished you as my own, and when did charity beget aught else but ingratitude.

Bob. Uncle, I beg to move for a rule nisi.

Lan. Cease your senseless jargon.

Mr. D. Senseless jargon Mr. Langley, are you aware that the phrase is professional?

Lan. I will not be baited—to you, Mr. Driver, I have paid thousands, and have a right to your respect—to that boy I have been a parent, and demand obedience.

Bob. And you have it, sir; here's a proof of it—look at these pantaloons, hav'nt I had them turned twice, and left off straps because you said it wore 'em out at the knees?

Lan. Do you not wish to leave me—have you not dared

to form an attachment to Drayton's daughter—you, a beggar?

Mr. D. Now you are compromising the character of my office. Mr. Lincoln is a gentleman, sir, on a guinea a week.

Bob. If that fact's not enough to soften a heart of stone, I don't know what is—hard work and a hard seat are quite enough, without hard words, uncle.

Lan. Well, perhaps I was wrong—Susan!

Sus. Yes, sir.

Lan. You can go home. [*Exit Susan, L.*] Robert, I wish to speak with Mr. Driver alone. [*Takes out a note book.*]

Bob. Yes, sir.

Mr. D. [*Beckons him aside.*] Lincoln, run down to Drayton, and tell him I will see him in an hour's time.—
[*Aloud.*] Mind your uncle. [*Takes his hat from nail.*]

Bob. [*As he is going.*] Of course, sir.

[*Bows respectfully and exits, L.*]

Lan. [*Offering paper.*] Driver, you will here find instructions for the distribution of my property when—I am dead.

Mr. D. My dear sir, you should'nt distress yourself; yours will be a most respectable will, your personal property can't be sworn under 20,000*l.*

Lan. More, Driver, more, and *you* know how I obtained it.

Mr. D. By fair and honest speculation.

Lan. [*Earnestly.*] You think so, truly, as between man and man?

Mr. D. Has not the law decided so?

Lan. Ah! but was the truth all told, did not you shirk and quibble?

Mr. D. Sir, I exercised my professional knowledge.

Lan. And so defeated Whitehead, beggared him to pour his wealth into my coffers.

Mr. D. You were my client; had you been in his position I should have done the same for him. In our honourable profession *one* interest is always paramount.

Lan. Then the tale the old man has told was true—we did ruin him.

Mr. D. Mr. Langley, I'm not used to have my services so required: gratitude, sir, ought to—

Lan. [*Shewing paper.*] Look at that paper—you see I have not been unmindful of you; one-third of all I have I shall bequeath to you.

Mr. D. My dear sir, I have been warm—over 20,000*l.* did you say, forgive me—threes into twenty are six and a fraction.

Lan. There is one condition that I will not—*dare* not insert in my will.

Mr. D. Indeed!

Lan. You must see it fulfilled. During old Whitehead's life you must continue to him the allowance of 50*l.* which hitherto you have paid him on my account.

Mr. D. Certainly, but if it were named in the will the whole property—

Lan. What! would you have me write down my own shame—has not my life been made a hell by that old man's story of his ruin? I have seen the finger of scorn pointed at me in the streets,—I have heard under my own roof how the adopted orphan sacrificed his benefactor; I will not write an epitaph to blacken my own memory.

Mr. D. Mr. Langley, but for this admirable disposition of your property, I should almost question your fitness to execute so important a document as your will. This remorse—

- *Lan.* Remorse! It is not remorse. True, Whitehead found me a neglected orphan, reared me, made me his equal in society, and I ruined him,—but with what unwearying enmity has he pursued me!

Mr. D. Indeed! I never knew that he had even regretted his loss of wealth.

Lan. In what bosom has he not awakened pity, in what heart has he not called up love, whilst I—am shunn'd, despised, with all the means that should ensure respect.

Mr. D. [*Taking his hand.*] And you have it, sir; for if ever a client was adored by his professional adviser, you are the man, sir. [*Bows.*]

Lan. [*Aside.*] Sycophant! [*Rises, and crosses to R.*] [*Aloud.*] You have, of course, paid the money due last month to Whitehead.

Mr. D. I have had no orders, but to-day I will send it to him.

Lan. You were not so considerate when he was the vic-

tim of our cupidity. Pay it, Driver, let me at least feel that for my childhood I owe him nothing.

Mr. D. It shall be done, sir.

[*Excunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A neat room in a house in the suburbs of London.*

LOUISA and EDWARD discovered, the former seated at table, R., (*writing materials on table,*) teaching Edward to read from a book in her lap.—*A bureau, L.*

Lou. Well, what follows that? Go on, Edward.

Edw. Oh, no! I am tired—Grandad never makes me read so much as this.

Lou. Grandfather is too indulgent to you, he spoils you by letting you do as you please. Come, go on, sir.

Edw. I'd rather go and have a lesson with him in the garden.

Lou. You shall stay here, you will only plague and worry poor grandfather. Now, sir, what follows?

Edw. Oh, I'm tired of that.

[*Takes his skipping rope from table, L. and jumps.*]

Lou. Will you come here, and give me that skipping rope?

Edw. No, I won't, I'm going to look for grandad.

[*Exit, R. skipping—as Louisa is about to follow—*]

Enter BOB LINCOLN, C.

Bob. Louisa! Louisa!

Lou. La, Robert, how you made me jump.

Bob. What, I suppose there was something connubial in the sound of my voice, something of the lord and master.

Lou. How can you be so absurd?

Bob. Absurd! Why havn't I been talking of getting married for these six months past; havn't I ordered a pair of white ducks for my wedding day, and made a contract for a fat goose for my wedding dinner? Havn't you spoke to your father, and—

Lou. No, Robert, I have not dared to do so.

Bob. What, you're ashamed, I suppose—leave it to me [*consequently*]. I havn't attended Westminster Hall for nothing, hem! The plaintiffs in this case are Bobby Lincoln and Louisa Drayton.

Lou. Hush! my father will hear you.

Bob. So much the better. La, bless you, your father's not like my uncle; my uncle's a harsh, ignorant, rich man, your father's a kind, sensible, poor one; so you dare tell him that you'd like to have a husband, and that you give a decided preference to me.

Lou. There was a time that I should not have hesitated to have done so, that is, if I had had such a wish or had felt such a preference; but lately my poor father is so changed, misfortunes have followed misfortunes until he has grown sour and petulant.

Bob. Rat me if I didn't think something was wrong, for I've seen him at our office, and that's only one remove from the Insolvent Court.

Lou. [*looking off, c.*] Hush! I thought I heard grandfather. [*Going up, c.*]

Bob. What, Mr. Whitehead, that good jolly old boy?

Lou. Boy, indeed! for though eighty years of age, see how he is playing with my little brother Edward. [*Whitehead laughs without.*] Ha! [*Goes up.*] I thought he would have fallen.

Bob. Ha! ha! see how he's laughing, what a merry old soul it is. Does he know of your father's troubles!

[*Comes down.*]

Lou. Oh, no, grandfather is so easily deceived, poor old man—his confiding disposition has been his ruin—he's coming this way, go now, Robert!

Bob. Egad, I must, but I want to see your father; so I'll go to him in the workshop. [*Crosses to R.*] Louisa, [*Kisses her.*] Take care of that till I see you again. [*Exit, R.*]

Lou. Robert!

Enter EDWARD dragging WHITEHEAD on with a hoop, R. C.

Whi. There, there, have done, let me go, will you?

Edw. [*Pulling him.*] Yes, grandad.

[*Louisa puts table and two chairs forward, c.*]

Whi. Louisa, help me, my dear, for this little rogue does nothing but say "Yes" and pull me about. [*He releases himself.*] But he should mind what is said to him, he should. Where's he got to now? [*Edward runs under the table.*] Come here, sir,—if I'd only my young legs again. Now don't be so giddy, you know what I promised you if you were good.

[*Sits at table, R.*]

Edw. What, grandad ? [*Plays with hoop.*]

Whi. That splendid cart and horses, and that drum ; and if you're very good we'll have the kite and the wheelbarrow.

Lou. Oh, grandfather, you mus'nt indulge Edward so much.

Whi. Indulge ! Why, he did seem so pleased with them, poor child, he laughed, and the tears came into his little eyes when he found I couldn't buy them. I was obliged to promise him, and I shall keep my word ; children should never be deceived, but he was to be a good boy, and go on with his writing. Come, Edward.

Edw. Oh, not now, grandad, by and bye.

Whi. [*R. of table.*] By and bye ? No, sir, now directly. [*Places his spectacles on the table.*] Be a good boy ! you wanted to play at hoop, and we played at hoop ! you wanted a game at ball, and we played at ball, and we've broken a window into the bargain. [*He gets pens, paper, &c.*] So, now, [*Edward steals spectacles, puts them on, and sits on a chair, L., mimicking the old man.*] we are going to play at something else, to rest ourselves a bit. Hallo ! where are my spectacles ? Louisa, have you moved my glasses ?

Lou. (R.) No, grandfather, perhaps you've left them in the garden, or Edward may have hidden them to prevent you giving him his lesson.

Whi. I should like to see him playing me such a trick.

Lou. Why, look, grandfather. [*She points to Edward, who has taken the spectacles, and is mimicking the old man in a chair, L.*]

Whi. Now this is too bad. [*Sternly.*] Edward ! come here directly, that I may scold you, sir.

Edw. You musn't scold gentlemen in spectacles.

Whi. [*Laughing.*] Ha ! ha ! there, Louisa, there, there's a wicked little dog.

Lou. Don't laugh at him, grandfather, it will only encourage him. [*Louisa crosses to Edward, takes spectacles from him and gives them to Whitehead.*]

Whi. I can't help it—"Gentlemen in spectacles," ha ! ha ! he puts me in mind of when I was a boy, I was a wicked one ; only let me see a bit of fun going on, and away went books, and pen, and slate, and every thing else.

Lou. You should not say such things before Edward.

Whi. Eh! but it's quite true. [*Seriously.*] Come, sir, now be steady, or no carts, no kites—

Edw. [*Playing with ball.*] Ah, you may say so, but you'll give them to me for all that.

Whi. [*To Louisa.*] Do you hear that? Cunning little dog, how well he knows me. Come here, come and kiss me.

Edw. [*Runs to him.*] Oh, yes, grandad. [*Embraces him, and sits upon his knee.*]

Whi. There, that's right. [*To Louisa.*] There, you see, I've only to humour him, and I can make him do what I please.

Lou. Or rather what he pleases.

Whi. Louisa, you don't understand children. Now, where did we leave off yesterday? [*Puts on spectacles.*]

Edw. At Y and Z, grandad.

Whi. Very well—Y and Z. But where's the leaves, some one's torn them out!

Edw. Oh, I know where they are.

[*Jumps down, and brings forward a cocked hat and boats made of writing paper, from table, L.*]

Whi. What's he after now—I asked you where the Ys and the Zs were?

Edw. [*Showing the figures.*] Here are the Ys, and here are the Zs.

Whi. [*Laughing.*] Now did you ever see—if he—if he hasn't actually made them into cocked hats and boats.

Lou. You see what an idle fellow he is.

[*Edward now goes and gets humming-top from table, L., and tries to wind it up.*]

Whi. Yes, yes, I'm going to be very angry, you are a naughty little boy, sir. Do you think your father has the means to maintain you in idleness? you think he's very well off, I dare say, but you're mistaken, perhaps you're mistaken. [*To Louisa.*] There's no harm in saying that.

Lou. How little does he suspect that it is the truth!

Whi. Instead of studying and working and—[*sees Edward trying to wind up his humming top*] and paying attention—you—now that's not the way, [*takes the top*] a boy at your age not to know how to spin a humming-top is shameful—now watch me do it, [*winds it up, changing his*

tone]. You should study whilst you're going. Are you attending to me?

Edw. Yes, grandad.

Whi. You must think of something beside amusement, and when I read you a lecture so—

Edw. (*watching top.*) Is it done, grandad?

Whi. Yes, yes, now there it is. (*kneels down*). Now see how I do it—you must spin it this way. (*Spins top, Edward jumps about, and then they try to take it up with a spoon.*)

Noise. DRAYTON speaking off, L.

Dra. Sir, I have told you the truth: you must now do as you please. Put in an execution if you will, for I have not the means of paying you.

Lou. My father, and the room in this litter!

Dra. (*entering L.*) What is the reason of this confusion?

Lou. Why, father—

Whi. Stay, stay, I'll tell him. Master Poppet, here, wanted to—to—to do something, and Louisa—Louisa, you see—

Dra. (*looking in his pocket book.*) I understand—why is Edward not at school?

Whi. Oh, that's—that's my fault; you see he wished—no, I mean I wished—that is, I didn't get up till late, and what with the breakfast and ever so many other things, the time has slipped away. [*Edward helps up Whitehead.*]

Dra. He's an idle dunce.

Whi. Oh, oh, don't say that, the child's so fond of his school—you like going to school, don't you, Edward?

Edw. No, grandad. [*Getting behind Whitehead.*]

Whi. Hold your tongue, you rogue.

Dra. I'm right, you see—come here, sir!

Whi. No, no! he didn't understand the question.—
[*Aside to Edward.*] Go about your business.

Dra. Well, we'll see, leave him to me.

Whi. No, no! he didn't intend to say that—[*aside,*]
now run, run. [*Exit Edward, R.*]

Dra. (*R.*) You are wrong in spoiling that child, as you do.

Whi. [*aside.*] That's right, scold me, scold me, my dear fellow, I don't mind it.

Dra. You ought to chastise him.

Whi. Ah, he'd better mind that I don't do it.—[*Aside.*] a little darling.

Dra. He needs correction : I shall punish him, if you do not.

Whi. [*aside.*] I should like to see you lay a finger on him, that's all. [*Crosses to L.*]

Dra. Look at these toys—they are fitted for the child of a nobleman.

Whi. Oh, they're mine—they are—I bought them, they all came out of my allowance.

Dra. Your allowance !

Lou. [*restraining him.*] Father !

Dra. What if my timber merchant had followed me into this room ?

Whi. Why, you'd have paid him if he had made any remark.

Dra. [*aside.*] Paid him ! that, I'm afraid, will be impossible. [*Crosses to L. and walks about.*]

Whi. There, there, now you're fretting about something I've said ; I've annoyed you.

Dra. [*taking Whitehead's hand.*] You, father ? no, no ! I'm vexed, worried—

Whi. On account of little Neddy ?

Dra. [*aside.*] Would that I had no other cause of annoyance !

Whi. Don't you think about him, I'll see to him—he's not fond of work just yet, but—but—I'll be bound he's at his books now. [*A window pane is heard to break, and a ball bounds upon the stage.*] Oh la ! oh la ! there's another window ! that's the second we've broken this morning.

Dra. [*angrily.*] What, again ?

Whi. Don't you go, don't you go ; I'll see what he's about. I'll give it him, Drayton, I'll let him know—Louisa, stay where you are, Miss, I can manage him best—he minds what I say to him. He shall catch it,—he's very much frightened at me,—he shall catch it. [*Exit, R.*]

Dra. I shall go mad, what with that boy and this poor old man.

Lou. Oh, father, he may hear you. What has happened to change you so ? [*weeps.*]

Dra. Tears, my child ! I was wrong, but I have so much to vex me.

Lou. I have long feared as much; but let us not despair, I will work night and day to aid you.

Dra. Poor child, your labour would assist me little. [*Rises.*] Memel, my timber merchant, has sued me for his debt, and unless I can pay him five-and-twenty pounds to-day, threatens me with a prison. I have applied to Driver to lend me the sum required, but he hesitated, and promised to send to me.

Lou. His clerk, Mr. Lincoln, went to the workshop to seek you some time since. [*Goes to door.*] Mr. Lincoln, Robert! [*calling.*]

Enter BOB LINCOLN, R.

Bob. Ah, Mr. Drayton!

Dra. My dear young friend, what message have you for me?

Bob. The governor sent me to tell you he would be with you within one hour—the time has almost expired.

Dra. Then there is yet hope—excuse me, Mr. Lincoln. [*Aside.*] I will write to Memel, and beg of him to be patient till the evening. [*Exit, L.*]

Bob. Louisa, as I was sitting on one of the benches in the workshop, kicking my heels and cutting cut your name with a chisel, a thought struck me, by which I think I can be of service to your daddy.

Lou. Indeed!

Bob. My uncle Langley is very rich; it is he that keeps our loan office going. Now I've thought, that instead of your father going to Driver, why not go to my uncle?—I'll try my oratory, and if he will assist my rogue of a master, he'll not do less for an honest man like Mr. Drayton.

Enter WHITEHEAD, C. R.

Lou. He can but be refused.

Bob. That's all; and should he succeed he'll make a fortune, and reward me with this dear little hand.

[*Kisses her hard.*]

Whi. Hallo! very pretty, upon my word.

Lou. Grandfather!

Whi. Yes, miss, it's your grandfather—one's never too old to learn. [*Bows to Bob.*] You have the advantage of me. [*Goes nearer.*] Oh, I see, it's Mr. Driver's lad.

Bob. Lad ! Clerk, sir !

Lou. Yes, clerk, grandfather—lad, indeed !

Whi. Well, I don't dispute the gentleman's word.—Pray, sir, who gave you permission to kiss that young lady's hand ?

Bob. Who, sir ? Why—Louisa, who did give me permission ?

Whi. Have you told her father of your intentions ?

Bob. Why, not exactly ; but as I'm such a young timid thing, you perhaps will do so for me.

Whi. With all my heart—I should like to dance at a wedding again ! I'll go to Drayton at once.

Lou. Not now, grandfather—not to-day.

Whi. Why not ?

Bob. Yes, why not ?

Lou. You know, Robert, that you are not free to act as you please, and I have no fortune to assist you should you displease your uncle.

Whi. Never mind him ; if he's unkind you shall have my allowance, my fifty pounds a-year. Stay, stay—not all of it just yet, for I've some little debts I must pay first.

Lou. Little debts, grandfather !

Whi. Yes, and why not, pray ? You see, when I go past the shop next door, and see something that I think would please Edward or you, Louisa, I stop and look, and then I think I see you both smiling,—and then I can't go on—then—then I'm obliged to go in and buy it.

Lou. Dear, kind grandfather !

Bob. Dear, kind grandfather ! [*About to embrace him.*]

Whi. Stop, stop, young man, I'm not going to own you till I know something more about you.

Bob. Sir, I can bring evidence as to character. Oh, Mr. Whitehead, if you could get me married shortly I should esteem it such an obligation.

Lou. For shame, Robert !

Whi. Not at all, not at all ! I'll do all for the best, rely upon me. Now go, young man, in case you lose your situation ; clerks should never make love until after office hours.

Bob. Sir, you're quite right, I'll be off. [*Crosses to L., going c.*] But with your permission, I will return in the evening to beg a cup of tea and your blessing. [*Exit, L. c.*]

Whi. Certainly, certainly. Louisa, I am so happy I shall see you settled before I die. I shall give you away myself; we'll have a glass coach, and I shall wear a bow, a white bow, in my coat.

Lou. You shall do just as you please, grandfather, when I am married.

Whi. When you are married! you shall be married directly. My allowance will keep you, and the clerk must keep himself.

Lou. I thank you for your kind intentions, but I'm afraid we must not depend upon your annuity. It seems to be too uncertain.

Whi. Not at all. Mr.—Mr.—what's his name?

Lou. Lambert, grandfather.

Whi. Ay, ay. Mr. Lambert pays it to me, and he will be sure to be punctual, for when he was about to fail in business I saved him from doing so.

Lou. It's not Mr. Lambert who pays it to you.

Whi. No! who is it, then?

Lou. We suspect that it is—but you'll be angry if I tell you.

Whi. No, no, I shan't.

Lou. We suspect it is your former partner.

Whi. [*earnestly.*] What, Langley? No, no, I'll not believe that. How I did love that man! I brought him up, and then he cruelly—no, no! he would not dare to give me back my own money in the shape of charity.

Lou. Perhaps he repents his conduct to you.

Whi. But I'll not touch another penny. I'd rather die than have recourse to that ungrateful man. [*Weeps.*]

Lou. Come, grandad, calm yourself; it is Mr. Lambert that pays you.

Whi. Then why did you tell me that it was Langley? it was unkind, very, very—

Lou. Grandfather!

Whi. [*kissing her.*] There! but I will have my revenge—only let my first quarter arrive, and you shall see what I'll do. I've a sort of presentiment that I shall have my money to-day. I believe in presentiments. Won't Edward be happy—he shall have such toys!

Lou. Ah, grandad, you'll spoil—

Whi. That is, if he's good. I put him in the corner for

breaking the windows, but I—I built him a house of tiles, that he might not be melancholy, poor child! But he shall be happy by and by. Would that I could make all the world happy! *[Goes up.]*

Enter DRAYTON, with a note, L., crosses to C.

Dra. *[to Lou.]* Driver has consented to assist me.

Lou. You see, father, you should never despair.

Dra. He has promised to let me have thirty pounds, which will enable me to pay Memel. Driver will be here directly with the money.

Whi. *[coming down, L.]* Hey! Driver with the money?

Dra. Yes, father.

Whi. You see, Louisa, my presentiment has been realised.

Dra. What do you mean?

Lou. *[aside to her father.]* Oh, nothing, nothing, father.

Whi. I was certain the day would not pass without the arrival of my allowance.

Dra. But it is not—*[Louisa checks him]*—poor old man, I will not undeceive him. *[Crosses to R., going.]*

Whi. Stay, Drayton. *[Aside.]* There's some mystery about this money.

Dra. Louisa, remain here.

Whi. *[aside.]* I must find it out, I must find it out.

Dra. Let me know when Mr. Driver arrives. *[Exit, R.]*

Lou. Yes, father.

Whi. Drayton! Drayton! *[To Louisa, solemnly.]* Louisa, the good never deceive, and the old are forced to be credulous, for they cannot search after the truth: you will answer me truly about this money.

Lou. La, grandfather, you are always thinking of money—you should not be so mercenary.

Whi. All is not right—you are trifling with me. If misfortune has fallen upon your father, we must all work for ourselves: he must give me some employment.

Lou. You work, grandfather! No, no, we are prosperous—indeed, we are.

Whi. You are sure, quite sure?

Lou. Yes. *[Aside.]* I cannot distress him.

Whi. I breathe again. What a load is taken from my heart! for when I thought that you were in difficulty, and

that I—I was a burthen to you, I longed—I longed to die.

Lou. Oh, grandfather!

Whi. But I don't now, I don't now; I'm too happy to think of such a thing—[*kisses her.*] And see—

Enter DRIVER, L. C., and comes down R.

Good day—Here's Mr. Driver with my allowance.

Dri. Hem! your allowance? why—

Lou. [*aside to Driver.*] Do not undeceive him.

Dri. Oh, yes, Mr. Whitehead, I have brought you your money at last. [*Aside.*] That's too near the truth to be pleasant.

Whi. Ah!

Dri. [*To Louisa—goes to table.*] Here are twenty-five pounds, Miss Drayton—[*gives money, which Louisa places on the bureau.*] Your father, I presume, is at home?

Lou. Yes, sir, he will be here instantly.

Whi. I may as well see that it's all right. [*Goes to bureau and counts the money.*]

Dri. I have a few words to say to Miss Drayton; Mr. Whitehead, will you pardon me?

Whi. Certainly—I've some little affairs of my own to settle.

Dri. Your father understands the terms upon which I make this advance,—merely five pounds just to pay cab hire and anxiety.

Whi. [*who has been reckoning in a pocket book.*] Nineteen pounds eighteen shillings! Bless me, I'd no idea I was so much in debt!

Dri. [*writing.*] There, I have put down the particulars upon this scrap of paper: interest five pounds, stamp—

Whi. Carry one to seventeen that's eighteen; eighteen from twenty-five leaves seven pounds two shillings. I must buy a chain for Louisa, but this is the last time,—a bridal gift. [*Pockets the money and is going, c.*]

Lou. Are you going, grandfather?

Whi. Yes, but I shan't be long, I'm only going to next door. No, you shall know nothing at present. I'm going to surprise you, to surprise everybody. [*Exit, C. L.*]

Enter DRAYTON, R.

Dra. Ah, Mr. Driver! you are indeed a welcome visitor.

Dri. Punctuality is the main-spring of business: I have given Miss Drayton the money.

Lou. It is on the bureau, father.

Dra. Oh, very well.

Dri. Twenty-five pounds; I have drawn a bill for your acceptance for thirty pounds.—[*Shows bill.*]

Dra. Thanks, thanks.—[*Aside.*]—I may yet retrieve my broken fortunes.

Dri. Now, Drayton, your autograph, if you please.

Dra. With pleasure.

Enter Bob out of breath, L. c.

Bob. Mr.—Mr. Dri—ver. [Sinks into a chair, L. c.]

All. What's the matter?

Bob. I can't—get—my— [Kisses Louisa's hand.]

Dri. Speak, sir, or I'll give you your discharge in the morning.

Bob. My uncle—

Dri. Is dead?

Bob. No, nearly as bad; he has sent for a doctor, and as though that was not enough, he wishes to have a lawyer, he wants you.

Dri. Wants me! Amiable martyr! Lincoln, fetch a cab. Drayton, accept the bill. Louisa, give me my hat. [To Lincoln.] Why the devil don't you run, sir?—run, sir.

[*Exeunt Driver, chasing out Bob, c. L., followed by Drayton, who returns and calls.*]

Dra. Louisa, bring the money to me. [Exit, R.]

Lou. Yes, father. [She goes to the bureau.] Heavens! it is gone! What can grandfather have done with it? Grandfather! Grandfather!

Enter WHITEHEAD laden with toys, c.

Whi. Here, here I am, Louisa.

Lou. Where is the money that Mr. Driver brought?

Whi. [Pointing to his load, laughs.] Here, here it is.

Lou. No! You have not spent it?

Whi. Every penny! I've paid all my debts, and the best I have laid out for Edward and you. Here's a wedding present. [Shows chain]

Lou. Oh, grandfather! What have you done?

Whi. [Alarmed.] What have I done! Louisa, child

Drayton! Here, Drayton! Drayton!

Lou. Do not call him, you must not see him, I must break these dreadful tidings to him.

Whi. What do you mean? Tell me, tell me all.

Dra. [*Calls within.*] Louisa!

Lou. [*Running to door.*] I'm coming, father.

Whi. I will go with you.

Lou. [*Throwing herself before the door.*] No, no, you must not see my father; that money was his last resource.

Whi. It was mine, was it not?

Dra. [*Within.*] Louisa!

Lou. No, no, he had borrowed it of Mr. Driver.

Whi. Borrowed it! You—you told me it was mine.

Dra. [*Within.*] Louisa!

Lou. Yes, father, yes. [*Exit, R., closing the door.*]

Whi. His last resource! His last resource! They have deceived me, then; deceived the poor old man. They led me to believe that I was not a burthen. And——

Dra. [*Without.*] What say you?

Whi. Ah! he speaks. [*Listens to the door.*] He is questioning her.

Dra. [*Within.*] I am ruined!

Whi. Ruined!

Dra. Let him quit my house!

Lou. Nay, nay, father.

Whi. What do I hear? No, no, I am wrong, he could not wish that. No, no, he is angry with me; he is too good to break my heart.

Dra. [*Without.*] I'll drive him from my door.

Lou. No, father, no.

Whi. Drive me! Drive me, his aged father! that would be a crime. He shall not commit it. I will go of my own accord. I have heard nothing. No, not an unkind word, but I will go. [*Going—pauses.*] Without one word—one kiss! No, I cannot do that; but if I stay—they are ruined by my thoughtlessness, and I must be a burthen now. It would be selfish to remain. I will go. [*He goes towards the door, and again pauses; Edward rushes in with whip.*] Oh, God! my child, my dear child! [*Kisses the boy.*]

Edw. What is the matter, grandad?

Whi. Nothing, nothing. [*Gets the chair.*]

Edw. I'm sure there is, grandad, or you wouldn't cry so

Whi. No, no—there I—I have dried my tears, but I have a little journey to make. I must leave you; good bye—kiss me. When I am gone, you will think of your poor old grandfather—you will—I know you will, even should you never see him more.

Edw. [*Weeps.*] Oh, grandad! dear grandad!

Whi. There, you musn't cry, Edward; no—I shall return some day. You must love your father and your sister—kiss them both for me—thus—thus—[*Kisses boy.*] Be good, and then we *shall meet again.*

Edw. Are you quite sure?

Whi. Quite. Do not cry, I must go. Do not hold my hand, Edward. How shall I tear myself from him? [*He looks around him.*] Ah! see what I have bought for you.

Edw. [*Sees toys.*] Are these for me?

Whi. All, all.

Edw. [*Runs and busies himself with the toys.*] Oh, what a happy little fellow I shall be.

Whi. Yes, yes. Now then, courage. Louisa Drayton, farewell! My boy—my boy—may you all be happy—farewell—forever—farewell—farewell! Heaven bless and guard ye all!

[*Bursts into tears and exit, c. R.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Practicable doors in R. and L. flat—doors O. P. and P. S. An elegant Drawing Room in Langley's house—a fire place, R. Near the fire place, a large arm chair and table, also a table, L.—Violent ringing of the bell as the curtain rises.*

Enter SUSAN, arranging her dress, R.

Sus. Mr. Lincoln! Mr. Lincoln! [*Ringing repeated.*]

Enter BOB LINCOLN, partially dressed, c. L.

Bob. Susan! Susan! [*they meet, she turns her back, and*

he pulls off his nightcap. [Oh, there you are, why the deuce don't you go to uncle.

[He boggles with his coat—ringing repeated.]

Sus. La! Mr. Lincoln, one must have time to dress, it's scarcely day-break.

Bob. I—I was just dreaming of Louisa, and—O lord! here's uncle. *[Susan crosses to him]*

Enter LANGLEY, they both run towards him, R.

Lan. I have aroused you at last.

Sus. We were coming, sir.

Bob. Flying, uncle.

Lan. So it seems, I have been ringing a quarter of an hour, but what is it to you how I suffer: my wants are nothing to your own enjoyments.

Sus. Don't say that, sir.

Bob. Oh, he don't mean it, Susan, he knows how sensitive—

Lan. Silence, sir.

Bob. One must have time to awake.

Lan. You were asleep, then, whilst I lay rack'd with pain, and—

Bob. I must sleep some time, uncle, a lawyer's clerk don't get the chance of a snooze in the day.

Sus. There's a time for all things; you can be clerk in the day, and a nurse at night.

Bob. *[Aside.]* I dare say, there's a pretty recipe for preserving one's health.

Sus. But I don't think you've any feeling, Mr. Robert.

Lan. Enough, Robert is right; rest should follow labour, and Driver tells me that you are progressing.

Bob. Progressing! yes, uncle, for I'm kept on the trot all day. Yesterday, any one would have thought me an inspector of general postmen—first I went to the office, then I was started off to Mr. Drayton's—

Lan. *[earnestly.]* Oh, you went there.

Bob. Professionally, only professionally.

Lan. *[aside.]* Driver, then, has sent Whitehead his money; the old man will at least have been happy for a day.

Bob. He don't look angry—egad, I may as well blow the family trumpet—oh! uncle, if you only knew the Draytons, *[Langley starts,]* they are such a prime lot.

Lan. Indeed.

[Susan signs to Bob.

Bob. I'm sure you'd like them, especially poor old grandfather Whitehead, [*Langley appears strongly affected,*] he's such a good creature.

Sus. The stupid fellow.

[Signs to Bob to cease.

Bob. [*to Susan.*] Well, he is, for all your telegraphing; he's so kind to every body, and always trying to make every body happy; he seems to love the whole world, though he was ruined by some rascal—

Lan. What!

[Susan pulls Bob's coat.

Bob. Be quiet, will you! he *was* ruined by some villain of a partner, [*rises,*] who—[*Langley turns and looks fiercely on Bob, who stammers*]—who—o—o sw—in—d—led—

Lan. Peace, raven! this is the way they speak of me, even to my own kindred.

[Sits.

Bob. Not of you, but—

Lan. Quit my sight, I will not be reproached under my own roof. [*aside.*] Ruined, and by me, that is their constant theme, and yet I—but this shall have an end. [*aloud.*] Go, desire Driver to come to me instantly.

Bob. He's not up yet, uncle, but—

Lan. Then he must be aroused.

Bob. Just what I was going to remark, [*aside,*] for curse me, but I'd shake a lion to get out of the way of this amiable relation.

[Exit, L.

Lan. [*aside.*] O God! shall I never know peace again. [*aloud.*] Susan!

Sus. Sir.

Lan. You heard what Lincoln said, the hatred of the Drayton's still pursues me.

Sus. Oh, they're a bad set, depend upon it, sir; what have they to blame you for; true, Whitehead did befriend you for some time.

Lan. Twenty years.

Sus. But see how nobly you treat him now; fifty pounds a year is not a trifle, even out of a rich man's pocket.

Lan. [*aside.*] Even her palliation of my conduct stings me.

Sus. Continue the allowance, or make it a little more, and then the world will see, some day, how they have wronged you.

Lan. No, no, none must ever know of that, Susan, or it

would be converted into an admission of my guilt. Lend me your arm, the morning seems so lovely, that I will try to walk a little.

Sus. Do, sir. Oh, here's Mr. Robert returned.

Enter BOB LINCOLN, L.

Bob. The governor will be here directly, sir. I'd the satisfaction of seeing his shaving water go up stairs as I came out, sir.

Lan. Pshaw! Let me know when he arrives.

Bob. Yes, uncle. [*Excunt Susan and Langley, R.*] There they go towards the summer-house, and here goes for old Whitehead, if uncle kicks me out for it. Come in, grandfather—come in.

Enter WHITEHEAD, L. He seems very cold, and gives evidence of having been out all night.

Forgive me for keeping you waiting, but I had been on an errand, and—[*Whitehead stamps his feet to warm them—aside*—if he makes that row—[*hands him a chair.*] Here, Mr. Whitehead, sit down, sir.

Whi. [*continues stamping.*] No, no, thank you. [*blows his fingers.*] The night has been cold, very cold.

Bob. [*blows the fire, R.*] Yes, it has, I know that, for I kicked the clothes off, and dreamed I was an iceberg. Come, seat yourself near the fire.

Whi. Fire? Is there a fire? Ha! there's no resisting that. [*rubbing his hands, goes R. and sits in front of the fire.*] This, this will soon revive me; but, but the damp fog has chilled me to the bone. Ah! this is a luxury.

Bob. You shouldn't have left home so late, at your age; Mr. Drayton should have—

Whi. [*forgetting himself.*] Drayton—my son-in-law.

Bob. Yes.

Whi. [*recollecting himself.*] Oh, he did wish to accompany me, but I knew that he was busy—I—I objected—I objected. [*aside.*] He must not know of Drayton's threat; no, none must know of that; it shall die with me.

Bob. Well, this'll be a warning to you, you shouldn't have left home.

Whi. [*energetically.*] I could not stay, I could not have

breathed there, [*recollecting himself*,] I mean the fog came on, and I lost myself—you—you—met me.

Bob. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw you shivering on the door step.

Whi. Yes, I was cold—numbed—the frost had seized upon my limbs, and I could not proceed. Oh, what pain I suffered, and then I thought upon *them*, the wretched beings who will soon be shelterless—father, children, [*aside*.] Edward! Edward! [*aloud*.] All houseless! [*Rises*.] But I must not stay longer. I'm warm now, I'm warm and strong enough to—to—to—[*he attempts to rise, but sinks back again in the chair*.]

Bob. There, you see you can hardly stand.

Whi. [*trying to rise again*.] Yes, I can, yes, I can.

Bob. You cannot go yet.

Whi. Yes, yes, only my legs fail me a little.

Bob. Now wait one minute, [*runs to L.*] I'll fetch you a biscuit; and a glass of wine.

Whi. No, no, I have no time to spare.

Bob. But you'll be able to walk as fast again, when you're refreshed a little.

Whi. True, true, I had forgotten that.

Bob. Uncle's safe in the summer house. [*Going*.]

Whi. I can do without it; I can, I can.

Bob. I tell you, you can't, grandfather. I declare I feel like one of the family already. [*Exit, L.*]

Whi. That's a fine, good hearted fellow, but if I should be exposing him to any risk—I ought to have thought of that before—I seem to bring trouble upon every one—I thought so yesterday, and death seemed preferable to life; but the recollection of my children, made me resolve to live. I have brought them to ruin, that is enough, without adding regret—but I will not return until I have seen Langley—I will look upon that man once again—he may repulse me, mock at my misery, but I will endure all for the sake of my children. Louisa, dear Louisa, and Edward, my little grandchild—he sleeps now, he will soon awake and call for his old grandad. "Grandfather! grandfather!" but [*weeps*,] no grandfather will be there no, no, no!

Enter BOB with plate of sandwiches and wine, L.

Bob. I've been rather long, but I couldn't find the biscuits ; they're all gone, but here's a sandwich.

Whi. No, no ; I'll not take anything now—nothing but a glass of wine. [*Bob pours out wine, L.C., and fills one glass.*]

Bob. There's some supernaculum, grandfather.

Whi. But where's your glass ?

Bob. Mine ! [*Aside.*] Well, I don't see why I should be an exception. [*Fills the other.*]

Whi. [*smelling, without drinking.*] That is, indeed, excellent.

Bob. I fancy it is, A 1, fit for a chancellor. It always surprises me that uncle can ever be ill, when he drinks such wine as that every day.

Whi. [*putting down glass.*] Is he ill, then ?—poor fellow—come, let us drink to his better health and happiness.

Bob. With all my heart ; here's the health of uncle Langley.

Whi. [*starts.*] Langley ! Gabriel Langley !

Bob. Yes, this is his house, and this is his old wine.

[*Drinks.*]

Whi. [*pushes the glass from him.*] At the table, at the hearth of Gabriel Langley !

[*Rises.*]

Bob. Why, what's the matter, grandfather ?

Whi. To bring me here without telling me whose roof sheltered me—you have deceived me, young man, you have deceived me.

Bob. Deceived you, my future grandfather !

Whi. But I forgive you this unkindness—only let me go.

Bob. Not without me ; why, what would Louisa say ?

Whi. Louisa !

Bob. Come, take my arm.

Whi. [*abstractedly.*] Shall I remain ? Yes, I have resolved to see him. He is ill—who knows the cause ? I feel that I could forget the past, if—no, no, he will not own his error.

Bob. Now I'm ready if you are.

Whi. No, no, I have changed my mind ; I shall remain here.

Bob. What !

Whi. I must reflect on what I have to say.

Bob. To whom?

Whi. To Gabriel Langley.

Bob. [*alarmed.*] To uncle! why, you'll not speak to him.

Whi. Yes, yes, and we shall see if he will spurn his benefactor.

Bob. I see it all; uncle was your rascally partner.

Whi. He was, he was.

Bob. [*aside.*] Here's a precious situation.

Sus. [*within.*] Mr. Lincoln!

Bob. Oh, here's Susan, too. Mr. Whitehead, we had better be off.

Whi. Without seeing him. No, no.

Bob. [*aside.*] I am ruined—cut off with a shilling—[*aloud.*] My dear sir—

Sus. [*calls within.*] Mr. Lincoln!

Bob. Do you hear that, sir. Will you oblige me by concealing yourself in this room, and as soon as my uncle is clear, I'll fetch you.

Whi. No, no, I must not—cannot leave this room.

Bob. Oh, don't say that, sir; for my sake, conceal yourself. I shall get into trouble if you don't.

Whi. You! that must not be, that must not be—but you'll call me soon?

Bob. Depend upon it I will. [*Exit Whitehead, c. l.*] I wish you were safe at home this moment.

Enter SUSAN, R. She has seen WHITEHEAD leave the Stage.

Sus. Surely I cannot be mistaken—Mr. Lincoln.

Bob. Oh, Sukey!

Sus. Who has been here?

Bob. Nobody.

Sus. [*pointing to table.*] Indeed!

Bob. Ah! that's—that's nothing—I've been taking a glass of wine.

Sus. [*holding up both glasses.*] And do you generally use two glasses when you take wine? You have had company; you can't deceive me, sir. Mr. Whitehead is here.

Bob. Eh! Eh!

Sus. You have brought him here—for what purpose?

Bob. The fact is, I found him perishing with cold in the street.

Sus. Indeed!

Bob. So I brought him in to warm himself.

Sus. You take a great interest in him, Mr. Robert.

Bob. To be sure I do—is he not the grandfather of Louisa, and is he not about to become my grandfather also?

Sus. I understand—[*smiling.*] I am glad you have told me, sir: I will now tell you a secret. [Crosses]

Enter DRIVER, unseen by them, L.

Bob. You will! Go on, I never was made a confidant before, except professionally.

Sus. Had I not feigned a dislike to the Drayton's, I fear your uncle would never have assisted Mr. Whitehead.

Bob. You don't mean to say that he has ever done him a good turn!

Sus. Yes, he has. I have made Mr. Langley do an act of justice in spite of himself. Latterly, I have not been without hope that he will make Mr. Whitehead some further recompense. [*Driver listens at R. D. in F.*] Whitehead was your uncle's partner.

Bob. I know, I know, but how did uncle ruin him?

Sus. Mr. Langley secretly entered into a large contract which promised enormous profits—

Bob. But uncle was an orphan, and had nothing.

Sus. Nothing but what Whitehead gave him—he made him his partner—gave him half his wealth.

Bob. Generous old cock!—And what did uncle do?

Sus. Suddenly withdrew his capital, creditors became alarmed, and Whitehead, to meet their demands, sacrificed all his property, and was ruined.

Bob. Uncle's a—a—never mind, I've my own private opinion.

Lan. [*within.*] Susan! [*Driver hides himself R. D. in F.*]

Sus. I am called—if you are careful, all may yet be well. [*Exit, R.*]

Bob. How that woman's taken me in—I always thought her a cunning ear-wig that was doing the best for herself. I'll be off to Louisa, and let her know where her grandfather is; perhaps she may get him to return home without uncle seeing him. [*Exit, L.*]

DRIVER comes forward, C.

Dri. A pretty hornet's nest I've discovered—That hypo

crite in muslin! Who knows but Langley might be persuaded to do right. No, no, I'm certain his conscience must have been extinguished these ten years.

Enter LANGLEY and SUSAN, R.

Lan. Ah, Driver, I've been waiting for you, I am anxious to—*[Driver points to Susan.]* Yes, you are right. Susan, leave us.

Sus. Yes, sir. *[crosses to L.—aside.]* Mr. Lincoln must not let master see the old man.

Dri. *[following her.]* My dear Susan, Mr. Langley requests—*[Exit Susan, slamming the door in his face, L.]* Oho! that's another item in your account that will require to be balanced.

Lan. Susan has been telling me, Driver, of the unfortunate situation of the Draytons.

Dri. *[smiling.]* Unfortunate!

Lan. Yes, Susan seems to have a strong dislike to that family.

Dri. *[ironically.]* Very!

Lan. Whitehead, too, she tells me, is a sad burthen upon them.

Dri. That can hardly be, with his annuity.

Lan. True, true, I have that pleasing reflection at least—but Susan—

Dri. Is a hypocrite—Mr. Langley, we have both been taken in by that girl, and I am sorry to say it, by Mr. Bob into the bargain.

Lan. What do you mean? explain yourself.

Dri. They deceive you, betray your interests, every one here, of course excepting myself, are in a conspiracy against you.

Lan. For what end?

Dri. To serve the Draytons—Susan has declared—

Lan. Speak out.

Dri. That she will make you honest in spite of yourself—I overheard her tell Lincoln so.

Lan. *[rises.]* And dare they, a menial and a dependent, canvas my character—dare they impugn—but they shall rue their ingratitude—Driver, I revoke my will—I recall my bequests to Lincoln and to Susan—all, all shall be yours.

Dri. [*starts.*] All—mine! twenty thousand!

Lan. If you refuse, I will seek another heir.

Dri. [*running to him.*] Not for the world—I would not give you so much trouble.

Lan. At once prepare the document, I cannot rest until I have done you and myself this act of justice.

Dri. You are determined, then?

Lan. Unalterably.

Dri. Then I'll obey you.

[*Exit, L.*]

Lan. [*sits himself at fire.*] Upon whom can I rely?

Enter WHITEHEAD, C. L.

Whi. [*aside.*] My young friend seems to have forgotten me. [*Sees Langley.*] Ah! 'tis he! [*with feeling.*] he who I once loved as a son—he who once called me father.

Lan. In the world I am alone—no friend—no, not one.

Whi. [*aside.*] Except me, except me—the sight of him awakens all my former feelings.

Lan. Even my own kindred, Lincoln, and the servant whom I have treated as a friend, have turned against me, and for him, for Whitehead.

Whi. What!

Lan. But it is past, the ingrates shall quit my house for ever.

Whi. What do I hear? Discard them because they have pitied me! [*Aside.*] A poor, weak old man!

Lan. Alone! To live, to die alone! To be deserted by all, and for that one man—but I will have vengeance.

Whi. Vengeance! Take it, then?

Lan. [*sinking back in his chair, and looking on Whitehead with alarm.*] Whitehead!

Whi. Yes, what do you fear from me? We are alone, you would have vengeance. I will not resist, avenge yourself.

Lan. What do you require of me?

Whi. I am come to—but first let me entreat your forgiveness for your only relative, and your faithful servant.

Lan. Faithful! They have basely deceived me; they have introduced you, my enemy.

Whi. No, no, not your enemy.

Lan. Once more I ask what you require of me? Speak, and leave me.

Whi. My presence troubles you.

Lan. It does.

Whi. The presence of old Whitehead,—he whom you have so unfeelingly ruined and abandoned !

Lan. Sir !

Whi. You shall listen to me, Gabriel ! Heaven is my witness that I came here with the words of peace upon my tongue, and pardon in my heart. Had you taken my hand, I should have grasped yours as of old, although I am now destitute—ruined by your act. Yet all should have been forgotten. I would have remembered nothing but the time when you were almost my son.

Lan. Have I nothing to forget ? Are years of misrepresentation to be accounted as nothing ?

Whi. You dare not accuse me of wronging you.

Lan. But I am unequal to this strife.—[*striving to gain the door of his apartment.*] What do you require of me ? Is it money—the dross, which you envy me ?

Whi. [*indignantly.*] Shame ! Shame !

Lan. You shall have it.

Whi. Stay, stay, I will not touch a coin of yours.

Lan. Whitehead, I respect your grey hairs, but after the injury you have done me—

Whi. Injury to you ! I—I have been the sufferer, but I have sought no revenge. Ungrateful man ! [*Exit Langley, R.*] I will have nothing from you ; keep your ill-gotten wealth ; I will beg from door to door, and say the charity I crave, is for my children.

Enter SUSAN, L.

Sus. I wonder if Mr. Lincoln—[*sees Whiteh.*] Heavens ! Mr. Whitehead ! If my master should find you here ?

Whi. We have seen each other, we have met once again. [*crosses.*] Gabriel, adieu, I leave you to your remorse.

Sus. [*looking off.*] Who have we here ? Surely it is Miss Drayton.

Whi. [*starting.*] Louisa !

Enter LOUISA, L., who runs to WHITEHEAD.

Lou. Grandfather !

Sus. Hush ! If Mr. Langley should overhear you.

[*Goes to Langley's door, and then exits, R.*]

Whi. [*hugging her.*] Louisa, my dear, dear child.

Lou. Oh, grandfather, what anxiety you have caused us. We have been searching for you throughout the night, but without success, until Robert came and told us where you were.

Whi. And Drayton, and Edward? Where, where is Edward?

Lou. He will be here directly.

Whi. It seems to me an age since I have seen you, but let us go, let us quit this inhospitable roof.

Lou. Yes, yes, we will go home. [*Checking herself.*] Home, did I say?

Whi. Eh! Why do you pause? Speak, Louisa; something has happened. Do not deceive me again.

Lou. My father's creditor disbelieved his story, and he is now——

Whi. Where? Where?

Lou. In prison.

Whi. In prison! And Edward? You, Louisa, where will you go? [*Louisa bursts into tears.*] I see—I see my children without a shelter; yesterday I thought they were above the reach of want, and I—I have made them homeless.

Lou. No, no, dear grandfather, I can work for all.

Whi. You, you, my child! Never, never! Ah, stay, we need not want; Gabriel offered me money which I was too proud to take, but now—stay, stay.

[*Staggering towards Langley's door, R.*]

Lou. What do you mean?

Whi. I will save you at any sacrifice. [*reaches the door.*] Langley—Gabriel—I no longer refuse your offer. Come, come forth, and I will humble myself before you. I will kneel to you to save my children. [*he tries to open the door.*] Gabriel! He will not hear me. He will not hear me.

Lou. [*restraining him.*] Grandfather! [*Gets cha:*

Whi. No, no, I must see him. I—I must. [*he tries to open the door, but staggers back exhausted by the effort; Louisa saves him from falling, and assists him to a chair in centre. Apparently bewildered.*] He does not come. Tell him that it is I—his poor old father, upon whose bosom he has slept; tell him—tell him—Oh!

Lou. For mercy's sake, be calm.

Whi. Do not hold me. I cannot be still, and by my
nee murder my children.

Lou. Be calm, grandfather.

Whi. Leave me, leave me. [*Pushing her from him.*]

Enter LANGLEY and SUSAN, R.

Lou. He does not know me. Oh, for pity's sake, sir.

Lan. What is this?

Whi. Hush! Do you not hear a feeble moan?

[*He tries to get up.*]

Lou. Oh, heaven, his reason has left him!

Whi. Again! Hark! That is the cry of pain. Open the door, quick, quick—see! see there, an almost lifeless boy—give him to me. [*appears to hug an object.*] Wine! Wine! He revives—he looks around in wonder. Ask him his name. What says he? Gabriel, Gabriel Langley!

Lan. What scene is he recalling?

Whi. An orphan, is he—alone in the world, friendless?

Lan. [*aside.*] I was, I was.

Whi. So young, and yet so desolate. Well, I will be a father to you—you shall stay with me, and I will love you as I love my own.

Lan. [*much moved—aside.*] Yes, yes, it was thus that he spoke to me.

Whi. You will remember that without my aid you would have perished.

Lan. Oh, ingrate that I have been!

Whi. You will never be ungrateful—you will love me.

Lan. [*falling on his knees.*] Oh, father, benefactor, forgive! forgive me!

Whi. [*aroused.*] Who spoke then?

Lan. A repentant man.

Whi. [*recovering.*] Langley, it is long since we met.

[*Endeavors to rise.*]

Lan. Oh, forgive me! I have been a villain, an ingrate. But forgive me!

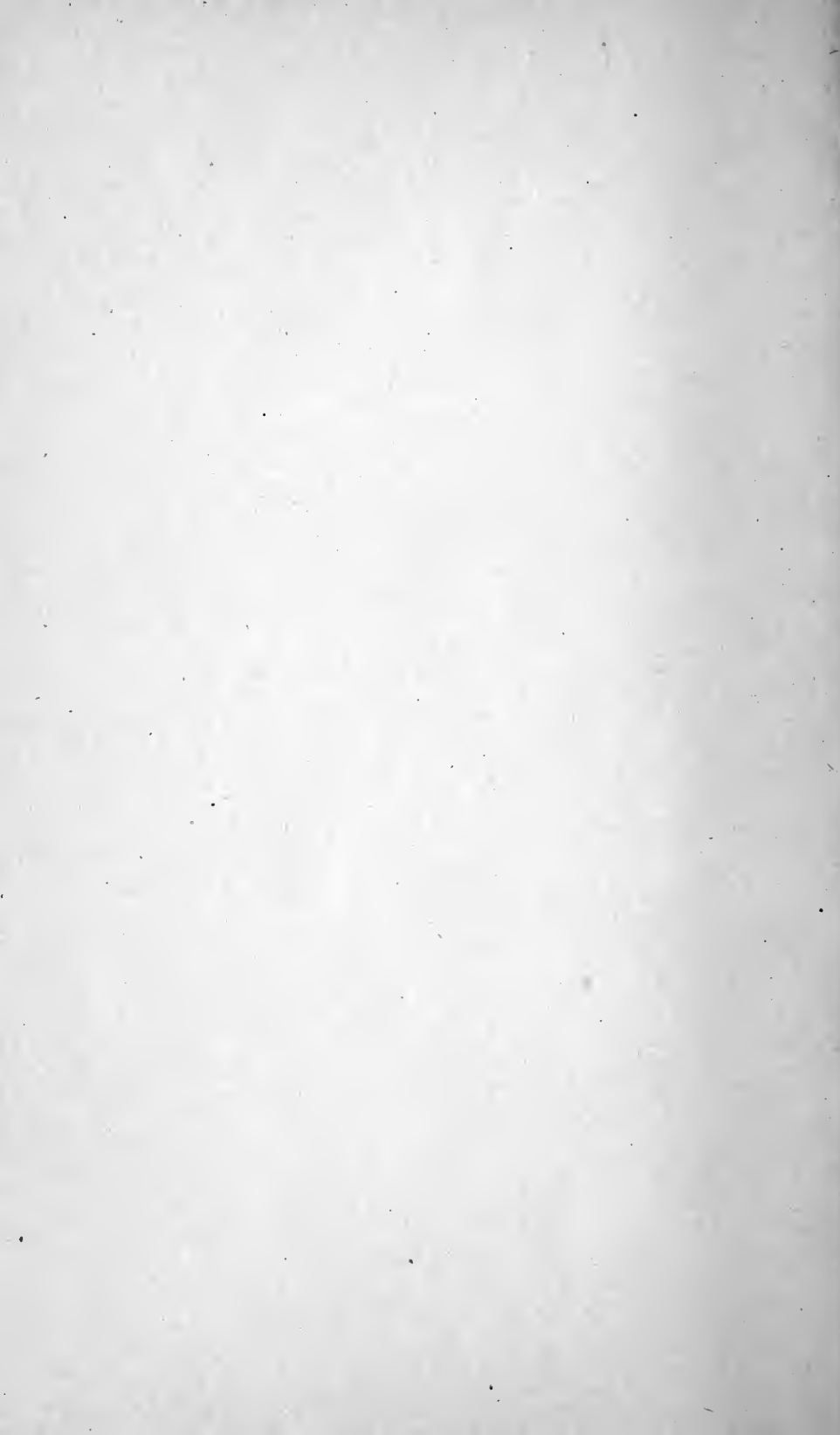
Whi. [*placing his hand upon his mouth.*] Hush! be silent—be silent—let no one know your crime. There is my hand—rise—rise—forget that you have injured me—forget it, Gabriel, as I do.

Enter DRIVER with a paper, L.

Dri. [*crosses to Langley.*] Eh, what, a party! Mr. Langley, here is the draft of the—

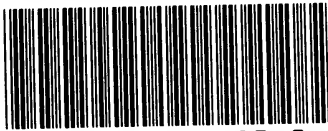








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